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T H E
B E A V E R S.



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THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

THE

BEHAVIORAL

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PRICE ONE DOLLAR

T H E
B E A V E R S:
A
F A B L E.

Sic vos non vobis.---



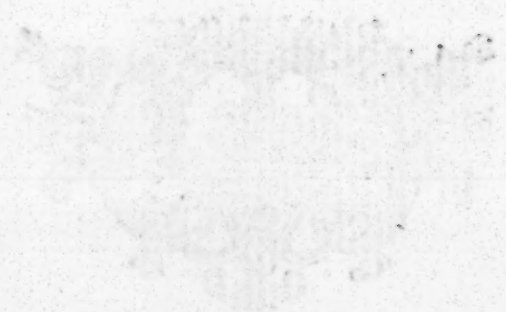
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THE
B E A V E R S

A
F A L L



Sic vos non colitis



L O N D O N
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A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

IN an age so suspicious of innuendo and irony as the present, when the most simple, or unmeaning, tale lies liable to be construed into a libel ; it will be no wonder, if the very discerning politicians of the times should pretend to discover some antiministerial moral, couch'd under the following fable. The author, however, who may reasonably be allow'd to know best his own design, takes the liberty to caution the reader, not to put any construction thereon, foreign to the intention of the writer ; at the same time, assuring the publick that, whatever application they may please to make of any part of his performance, the whole is merely a work of *imagination*.

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A D V E R T I S E M E N T

It is an age in which the influence of numbers and the power of the press are so great, when the most humble of numbers are liable to be combined into a host, it will be no wonder, if the very distinction between truth and falsehood should be almost entirely lost. It is not, however, to be feared, that the power of numbers will be so great, as to be able to make the truth itself, when it is once known, to be false. The power of numbers is not to be feared, when the liberty of the press is secured, and the right of the individual to be heard is preserved. It is not, however, to be feared, that the power of numbers will be so great, as to be able to make the truth itself, when it is once known, to be false. The power of numbers is not to be feared, when the liberty of the press is secured, and the right of the individual to be heard is preserved.



T H E
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NCE on a time, how long ago
Perhaps Chronologists may know,
On a wide lake, far north and cold,
A race of Beavers had their hold;
Their

Their island cabbins duly stor'd,
 And feasted at a plenteous board.
 To industry and labour bred,
 Mean-while they toil'd, as well as fed ;
 Nor waited their decreasing store
 To fail, ere provident of more.
 Continual plenty, hence, by stealth,
 Grew up to luxury and wealth :
 When now, alas ! in evil hour,
 To wealth succeeds the thirst of power.
 No longer satisfied to reign
 Sole masters of the wat'ry main,



To

To see the trembling Otter fly,
 Hereditary Enemy !
 Condemn'd, tho' starving on the shore,
 To trespass on the Lake no more :
 Contented not that nature gave
 The spoils and triumphs of the wave ;
 But, vainly fond to shew their might,
 Or turn out champions for the *right*,
 They interfere in all disputes
 Between the continental brutes,
 And, parties in their feuds to make,
 Their island tenements forsake ;

Transporting madly brutes and stores,
Blind war to wage on foreign shores,
And save, from Otters, Bears or Cats,
Land-beavers vile or worthless Rats.
Mean-while, at home, in various ways
Their wealth's consum'd, their strength decays;
Recruits and payment of allies
Demand exorbitant supplies;
While e'en by battles, fought and gain'd,
Their little state is only drain'd.

Sagacious

Sagacious creatures shall we call
 The Brutes that squander thus their all ?
 Or shall we not their wit deride,
 Who thus expose their weakest side ?

But time and circumstance you say,
 May change the face of things.---They may :
 Yet neither, sure, can change the nature,
 Of brutal more than human creature !
 And yet, as if some revolution
 Had happen'd in his constitution,

Thus, oft' the Beaver leaves his home,
On mountain wilds, for wars, to roam;
Unnatural wars! to him at least,
Amphibious, moisture-loving beast!
In which, a generous jack, with pride,
He always takes the weakest side;
And hires the poor, at his expence,
To stand up in their own defence:
While ten to one, he trusts the Gods,
To him are even trifling odds:
As if, to win, his surest way
Was still to choose the losing play,

Or

Or loggerheads he took delight in,
And fought but for the fake of fighting.

Yet Beavers are accounted wise,
And need no burthenfome allies :
Their holds, in liquid walls immur'd,
From danger and assaults secur'd.

Alas, dame Nature surely meant
Each creature for its element.
If birds must dive and fishes fly,
What wonder if they droop and die !

Now,

Now so it happ'd, as poets sing,
 A Land-rat was the Beaver's king :
 By all belov'd, without dispute,
 A just, humane, and honest brute ;
 Who, yet, throughout his gracious reign,
 Too highly priz'd his old domain ;
 Too poor, too weak, without allies
 To stand amidst its enemies.
 And therefore at their own expence
 The Beavers purchas'd its defence ;
 Or when by chance of war 'twas lost
 Redeem'd it always at their cost ;

Bribing

Bribing the Tygers, Bears and Cats,
 With subsidies to spare the Rats
 And keeping in their constant pay,
 The Bandogs, not to prowl that way.

Now on a day, it so fell out,
 The landed brutes began their rout.
 A Cat, of cat-a-mountain race,
 Spit in the lordly Tyger's face ;
 And, aided by a wild she-bear,
 In pieces vow'd his limbs to tear.

The

The Tyger bravely bid defiance,
 And claim'd the Beaver-king's alliance.
 Mean-while the Otters join'd the Cats,
 And wreak'd their vengeance on the Rats :
 A vengeance they were urg'd to take,
 For what they suffer'd on the Lake ;
 Where now their fishing haunts were gone,
 And holds all ruin'd, one by one ;
 And not an Otter dar'd to dive ;
 Or, daring, reach'd the shore alive.
 So pow'rful were the Beavers grown,
 While conquest made the Lake their own !

Vain

Vain conquest ! if constrain'd, at last,
 To fully all their glory past,
 By giving back each dear-bought prize,
 To save their poor or weak allies ;
 Who now, by numerous foes enthrall'd,
 Aloud for their assistance call'd ;
 The Beavers readily consenting
 To do what, done, they're sure repenting.
 And yet, alas ! 'twas all in vain,
 The patriots ventur'd to complain :
 'Twas all in vain to represent
 The stores immense they yearly spent,

D

How

How much they ow'd, and, to their sorrow,
 How much they still were forc'd to borrow :
 In vain they shew'd the End they fought,
 When, 'gainst the Otters first they fought,
 By almost ev'ry battle gain'd,
 At length compleatly was obtain'd ;
 And therefore, having got their End,
 They need no longer to contend ;
 But standing on their own defence,
 Might now contract the war's expence :
 And, would the foe accept of peace,
 Exact a general release ;

Or,

Or, sparing thus their blood and treasure,
Might leave him to make peace at leifure.

Remonftrance juft! but 'twas in vain :
Succes had turn'd each Beaver's brain;
The Tyger's martial fame and fire
Did all their heated breasts inſpire ;
And evey honeft, plodding, Beaver,
Seiz'd with a Military Fever,
Carelefs of what was done, or doing,
Ran, fighting-mad, the road to ruin.

Nay ev'n the chief, who, once, more loud
 Than any of the patriot crowd,
 Roar'd out his insolent reflections
 On the great Rat and his connections,
 A ministerial Beaver grown,
 Now bow'd obedient to the throne ;
 And, worse than either of the *brothers*,
 Adapted measures, damn'd in others ;
 Measures himself condemn'd so late,
 As big with ruin to the state !
 Yet now he swallow'd all th' objections,
 He made before to land connections.

“ The

“ The Tyger’s call, the Rats’ distress,
“ Demanded instantly redress ;
“ And generous brutes should sacrifice
“ Themselves, their all, for their allies.”

How much unlike this specious cant
To all his former, noisy, rant !
To that fine, florid, declamation,
By which he us’d to gull the nation !

But, as the mob had been so loud
To praise this idol of the crowd,

His

His friends were now asham'd to own
Their honest chief had chang'd his tone ;
And let him lead them, by the snout,
As tho' he ne'er had turn'd about.
Mean-while, with grief, the patriot few,
Who best the Beaver-interest knew,
Saw him, on every slight pretence,
Abuse the public confidence ;
And enter into every measure,
Contriv'd to squander blood and treasure :
Beheld the waste of both increase
To purchase war, instead of peace ;

While

While more their toil and less their gain :
 How just a reason to complain !
 The fruits of half their labour thrown
 Away, in quarrels not their own.

F I N I S.



[22]

While more their toll and less their gain :

How just a reason to complain !

The fruits of half a labour shown

Away in quarters their own.



F I M I S

